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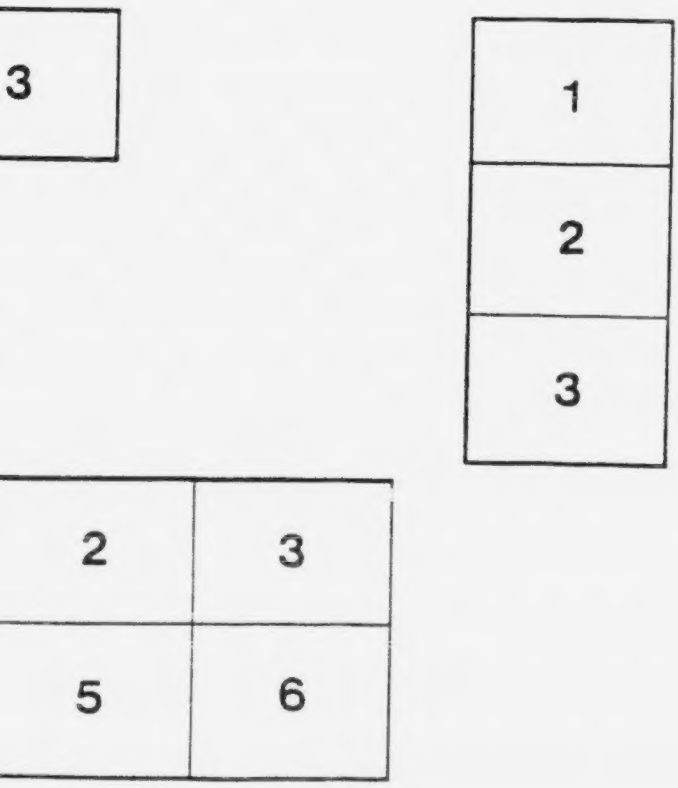

Abolish the Bar!

AND OTHER POEMS

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By
I. S. WHITE
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ABOLISH THE BAR!

THE FIVE CENT GLASS

and

Nearer to God

By

ISAAC S. WHITE

The Backwoods' Poet

Author of "Manitoba Muses" etc.

Abolish the Bar! When you command,
The drink consumed in all the land.

Winnipeg:

ISAAC S. WHITE

378 Flora Avenue

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PREFATORY.

Being a Total Abstainer, and hearing that a deputation on Temperance was to wait on the Government, I went along to hear the speeches; and was present when Mr. Buchanan explained the phrase "Abolish the Bar!" The explanation struck me as an incongruity, and more likely to result in evil than in good.

Before coming to Manitoba I was for many years connected with the Good Templar Order; and, believing that the hope of Temperance lay in the rising generation, I took a deep interest in the work among the young, and was for some time District Superintendent of Juvenile Temples, in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, Scotland.

While I respect the opinions of those who believe that politics will cure intemperance, I must say that I have more faith in Moral Suasion, Temperance teaching, and a perfect example, than in any law that has yet been devised; and the example would not be good if the Bar was abolished as it was explained by Mr. Buchanan.

I have seen men at Riding Mountain, more than once, sitting behind a stable drinking out of

a bottle, and children standing around watching them. Was that a good example for those children? When this took place in a Local Option district, how many more such scenes would there be if the drink could be obtained publicly and in wholesale quantities? If there is to be a Referendum on the subject, consider well lest you put more temptation in the path of the young. Why not adopt the room system of the old country? It would be more rational and there would be less treating.

For a short time some of the Hotels ignored the decision of the meeting and sold a five cent glass, but they appear to have dropped into line with the others for the five cent notices have disappeared, but whether they have reduced the size of the glass to the less than six cent value adopted by the meeting, I am not in position to say, as I don't use the juice of rotted grain.

—I. S. W.

378 Flora Avenue,
Winnipeg, Man.

Abolish the Bar.

"Abolish the Bar!"
Is a neat catchy phrase,
That some of the leaders
Of Temperance praise;
They laud it so high, one
Would think it was good,
To get rid of the Bar,
And the drinking brood.
But when 'twas explained,
As I heard it one day,
In the place they make laws
For men to obey;
"Abolish the Bar!"
Isn't to drink in a room,
And end so much treating,
This change is to come;
"Abolish the Bar!"
Is to take the booze out,

And drink it where children
Are standing about:
And it is well known, that
Some men who drink booze
Will pass it around,
And the boys who refuse
Will be scoffed at and jeered
Until they give in,
And then the vile tempters
Will laugh when they win.
"Abolish the Bar!"
Is a neat catchy phrase,
That satan induces
Some good men to praise.

The work for the young, in
Our great Bands of Hope,
And Juvenile Temples,
Of Temperance scope,
That have done so much good,
For many long years,
May stop the good work,
When the Bar disappears;
For what will protect
The young in that day,
When booze from the wholesale
Is carried away?

And drank by the old, and
The young at hedge side,
While grief fills the heart of
Their Good Templar guide;
What good can be done
For the Teetotal cause,
When protection for youths,
Have passed from our laws?
What can faithful men do,
But stand still and see,
The booze handed round, where
Youths drink from law free?
Some great men allegiance
Now bandy abroad,
And do work for satan,
Who once wrought for God;
And devils will laugh,
At the end of the war,
When deceived men shall vote,
To "Abolish the Bar!"

Yet, there is a way
To "Abolish the Bar!"
And end to advantage
This Teetotal war:-
Good Temperance teaching
Give both young and old,

ABOLISH THE BAR!

To prove Total Abstinence
Worth more than gold;
Show evils of booze, and
The good that doth blow
From Total Abstinence,
Where ever you go;
And always be ready,
With true, willing hand,
To lift up the weak,
And assist him to stand:
'Tis not words alone, but
The work that will tell,
And show by results, that
The work was done well;
For 'tis by the fruit, that
The good tree is known,
And crops of the field, show
The seeds that were sown:-
Then prove by a perfect
Example, that you
Are fully persuaded
The teaching is true;
And God's grace and blessing
Will settle the war,
Will rivel the trade,
And "Abolish the Bar!"

The Five Cent Glass.

Some dealers in the light of eyes,
Saw thirty-two-ounce glass too large;
And so they planned to cut the size,
And also cut the charge.

They knew that many boozey gents,
Were somewhat pressed many a time;
And that they oft might have five cents,
But could not raise the dime.

And they'd pose as philanthropists,
A poor Man's friend in time of need;
And buz. would come to fill their "kists,"
And help the friends indeed.

But something sure upsets the feast,
When reckoning's made without the host
'Tis not in booze to charge the least,
But who can charge the most.

Then others saw they'd lose their trade,
If they'd not also cut the price;
The profits would come down a grade,
And that would not be nice.

So they a meeting held to "jig,"
And find out the best think to do;
When all agreed glass was too big,
And should be cut in two.

They fixed the size of glass eighteen,
Two ounces more than half before;
A large enough drink 'twould be seen
When the dog-days were o'er.

Then next the price was talked about,
What should the price of small glass be?
"Ten cents! ten cents!" each one called out,
The fools who drink don't see.

"We're acting for their good is clear,
For the big glass just bagged them out;
And they will think 'tis better beer,
A little extra stout.

"And it will better be a wink,
Because the profits were too small;
The fools who drink don't stop to think,
The must have drink—that's all.

"They'll not think 'bout the extra tin,
That we are making out of this;
They'll pay their dimes without much din,
For drink to them is bliss."

And so the five cent glass has died,
And quickly it was buried too;
Don't think that the booze sellers lied,
That thing they did not do.

For nought it seems will ope the eyes,
Of men whose souls are soaked in drink;
The men who sells the booze are wise,
The drinkers will not think.

For satan hath on them such hold,
That they'll submit to pay this price;
For vile strong drink their souls are sold,
And now men rob them twice.

Where are the Temperance workers now?
How many now are making sure,
That men shall know the great pow-wow,
That keeps their families poor?

Wake up, wake up! Temperance begin!
Join in a Social Temperance war!
That will uproot the shame and sin,
And soon close up the Bar!

Nearer to God.

"Nearer my God to Thee!
Nearer my God to Thee!"
So sang the little girl,
Her head on mother's breast;
Her spirit when released,
God's loving face shall see,
For soon from earthly pain,
Her body shall find rest.

A cheerless traveller,
Upon a dreary road,
Fatigued, to earth sinks down
With many sobs and sighs;
His thoughts most clear are now
Concentered on his God,
By failing strength he knows,
He ne'er again shall rise:
That soon his weary soul,
Revived in heaven shall be,
And so in thought he sings:
"Nearer my God to Thee!"

"Nearer my God to Thee!
Nearer my God to Thee!"
So played the dying band,
On great Titanic ship;
As with it they go down
To death in icy sea,
With thoughts of heaven's God,
Whose name is on each lip.

They now have gone the way
That all on earth must go,
Their transient journey here,
Is brought to sudden end;
But music most sublime,
From instruments do flow,
To cheer those who with them
Into the sea decend:

Inspiring thoughts of hope,
For lasting joy and love,
Departed spirits have
With God in heaven above.

"Nearer my God to Thee!
Nearer my God to Thee!"
The old man softly sang.
As he lay on his bed;
For soon from suffering,
His body shall be free,
The end of earthly woes,
Of pain, and aching head.

But then a change will come,
Unto the burdened soul,
When it shall rise above,
To sweetest rest and peace;
Then heaven's purest love,
Shall every act control,
And happiness untold,
For ever shall increase.

And then with clearer light,
His saintly song shall be:
"Nearer my God to Thee!
Nearer my God to Thee!"

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